

For the Republic.
HERNANDO BANK, AND TOWN OF
COMMERCE.—"Direct Trade."

Many instructive and useful lessons have been taught in the history of our youthful Government. Before its permanent and successful establishment, the opinion was almost universally entertained, that *men alone*, gave sanctity to political principles; and upon this fatal error, systems of civil polity were either built up, or destroyed. The consequence was, that the "Divine Right to Rule" was claimed, and the great mass of mankind were shut out from the liberty along with the light & knowledge, allotted to the few. History does not inform us that the rules of olden times were excepted; claimed their authority to govern the multitude, by virtue of a positive and immediate revelation from the skies; but on the contrary, furnishes us with good reason to conclude, that the "attributes to awe and majesty," descended to the sovereign, by common consent; in hereditary succession; or in more modern parlance, according "to the line of safe precedents." Anterior to the confirmation of earthly authority in individuals and most generally after it, *age* wore the regal purple.

The error of investing *age* with all the muniments of wisdom, and complimenting it with superior worth, is one of the worst relics of the "dark ages;" and has entailed more mischief and misery upon the human family, than all the originating and begetting causes of **STRONG GOVERNMENT**, amalgamated together. That "ancient user is a good interpreter" is a fearful and dangerous doctrine, when its adoption is unaccompanied by reason and good sense. Because a rule was good at one particular time—often we are ignorant that it was ever right and expedient, having the law without the peculiar circumstances which first brought it into existence—we invariably conclude that it must be so forever, although we well know that *time and circumstance*—twinsisters of change; produce mighty and substantial alterations in the conditions and requirements of our race. If the Almighty Power that called the world into being from dust and nothingness, had incorporated a portion of his changeless essence in its diversified materials, and had written *immortality* upon, the sky, and the earth and the ocean, then *custom* would have deserved the dignity and force of *precedent*, together with all the imposing attributes which it has so long and variably demanded. But as long as the world undergoes continued and ceaseless alterations, "times change, and men with them," it is the business of the political economist, and patriot statesman, to recommend such policy of political, civil, or commercial regulation as seems to be adapted to the present and existing wants and demands of the community. The American Revolution has, indeed, accomplished much, positively and by consequence, to abbreviate the power of *precedent*, and to withhold from tyranny and ignorance, the sword of the one, and the subterfuge of the other. And if we desire to invigorate our republican institutions with new and renewing life, "and to perpetuate the liberty bound upon them, we should never adopt a principle, unless good sense, and existing circumstances approve it; and not upon the weak and deceitful recommendation, that it has obtained in the world, "time whereof, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Intimately connected with the above observations, are the fears and forebodings of a certain portion of the Southern country, upon the momentous subject of "Direct Trade." Because the *slave-holder*, for a long series of years, has paid a blind willing, and ruinous tribute to the *North-ern Commission Merchant*, and suffered him to accumulate his countless dollars by fees and commissions, on imports and exports, designed for us, we are seriously told that the South has abandoned her right together with her capability, to perform this office for herself, through her own flourishing sea-pots, and safe harbors. Strange and astonishing as it may appear this is the only tangible reason assigned for the impracticability of the scheme of

direct trade. For, I apprehend, no candid individual of common understanding, and ordinary information, will pretend to affirm, that the *northern States* of this confederacy, present more *natural inducements* to ship-owners, and substantial capitalist inviting them to their ports, to the exclusion of the South. On the contrary, it is a very simple and easy demonstration to show, that if *superior advantages* be possessed by any one portion of the Union over all the balance, in this important particular, the *South* could, with much propriety, put in her claims to them. The harbors of the *southern seaboard* are both ample and secure, and free from many serious objections that might be urged against those of our busy and indefatigable friends above us. If, then, the sea-ports of the south, viz: Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, and others not necessary to be mentioned, afford safe, ample and commodious harbors for the *southern shipping interest*, (which, I believe, is not denied) in what consists the impracticability of the project of *direct exports and imports*, to and from Europe, and other parts of the *commercial world*?

This question is rapidly answered by the *interested merchant* of the North, and the lukewarm and desponding native of the South, that we have not *CAPITAL* enough to complete, in this profitable business, with our enterprising and wealthy, but *frigid neighbors*, a few degrees above us. And another objection to the system of *direct trade*, as proposed by the Southern Convention lately assembled at Augusta, Georgia, is the supposition gratuitously made, that it will have a *tendency to weaken the bonds of the union*.

The *CAPITAL* of the South and the *tendency of direct trade* towards a dissolution of the Union, considered in my next.

NO STOCKHOLDER.

From the Weekly Record.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD POST RIDER.

"About 23 years since I was, when quite a lad, employed by Maj. D. to carry the mail on the southern route. His line extended from Nashville to Doake's stand about 100 miles below Columbus. The Chickasaw Indians were then settled up to the Tennessee river which was then the line between them and the Whites. Through this nation of Indians we had to carry the mail. Since the opening of the Military road, the mail has been transported through the Chickasaw nation. About 10 years since, I had the mail in a one-horse carryall, and was hurrying on late at night to arrive at my "stand," which was about 40 miles this side of Doake's. The night was dark, the stars being obscured by "flying clouds" which occasionally let in a little glimpse of light. All at once my horse became frightened (at what afterwards proved to be a white flag hung there for the purpose) dashed to one side, and threw me out of the Carryall. He soon after got into the road, and ran along at full speed about 160 yards, when his course was impeded by a breastwork of logs built across the road. Against this he dashed the vehicle with a force that scarcely left a piece large on us to make trap sticks. I followed on as rapidly as possible, and reached the spot just in time to see my horse in possession of a man called Smallwood. This individual it seems had a claim of several hundred dollars upon the Contractor, my employer, and had taken this measure to indemnify himself. He knew the horse I should drive, which was *SKEARY*—the hour of my arrival, and had arranged his plans accordingly. I demanded the horse, threatened him with the consequences of stopping the U. S. mail. His answer was rather significant, both in language, and gesture. "If you say another word, I will stop you!" This was enforced by the levelling of a rifle, in an uncomfortably direct line with my head; and knowing the character of the man, and that in matters of this sort, he was always as good as his word; and having no means of resistance, I put off as silently, and as rapidly as possible to Wilson's about 6 miles ahead, where I told my story—borrowed a horse, and returned for the mail, which he was kind enough to let me have.

Wilson's being a regular stand, there were several Post Riders there, and among the number one of large stature, who laughed at me for permitting Smallwood to take my horse, swearing that he would go and rescue him. He departed with another of the riders, expostulated with Smallwood, and instead of getting the horse, got shot in the shoulder, and made a rapid retreat from the premises.

"A word or two about Smallwood. He had some years before married an Indian woman, and settled in the Nation, where he had amassed a pretty large property, but some difficulty

arose between him and his wife, who left him. After this he was subject to fits of derangement, or rather, he was scarcely otherwise than deranged; he fancied every man his enemy, and became the enemy of all men. Indeed so dangerous did he become, that travellers have frequently turned out of the road to avoid his residence. The Indians finally concluded in Council to put him to death. With this view a party of some 40 or 50 assembled around his house, though at a respectful distance, for he had some ten or a dozen blackgun logs bored out, mounted and charged to the mouth with powder bullets and iron missiles arranged on the outside of his premises; and port holes cut through the walls of his house, whither he had betaken himself armed with several guns.

"One of the party being less cautious or more inquisitive than the balance, got into the stable, and reconnoitered the position through the logs. He was soon discovered by the besieged, who shot him dead with his rifle,—the ball taking place between the eyes. The brother of the deceased, afterwards coolly said, he wished the ball had struck three inches below, it might have saved his brother's life. Undeniable reasoning.—True philosophy—after the fashion of the stoics. But to return to Smallwood.—A still larger party assembled a few nights afterwards, surrounded his house from whence he endeavored to draw him but in vain. They threatened to fire it, if he did not surrender; he was alike deaf to coaxing or menacing. The house was finally set on fire, the Indians reducing their circle so as to shoot him as he escaped from it, but they little knew the man, for in imitation of their own indomitable pride and constancy, he preferred the more execrable death of the flames, to the no less certain one of the rifle, a choice rather to die in his own house, and by the devouring elements, than to perish by the hands of his enemies."

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.—We were always of opinion that the wearing of pantalons by the ladies was ominous of their intention to be-
take themselves to the wearing of the entire garment. We think that the greatest evidence of good sense we have seen manifested by our legislature, is their consenting to give up their unwhisperable garments. We think too, that a change of garments will be very appropriate.

Next year we expect to see a legislature composed of ladies. Should the expectation be realized, we have no doubt that something will be done for the community, worthy the daughters of Revolutionary mothers!

We think our legislature have done well to surrender a charge they were incompetent to fill. A change of garments and place will suit them admirably. We wonder how many our worthy legislature will wear! We however care very little about the number, so they dress in character.

We have always been a stout advocate for the rights of the ladies, and we hope when they get possession of the reins of Government we shall not be forgotten by them. And as by this arrangement every man will have to suffer for himself, we will plead in advance, even harder than we have heretofore done, for the grace of "Heaven's last best governors of man."—We not being of the legislature however, "enter our solemn protest" against changing garments with them. We think they look as pretty as possible, as they are. But if they insist our gallantry will compel us to give them all we have. We conclude in poetry—

"We give thee all, we can no more,

Tho' poor the offering be,

Our hat and boots are all the store

That we can give to thee."

Louisville (Miss.) Enquirer.

"I could pity those foolish men, whose patriotism consists in hating every thing beyond the limited horizon of their own narrow minds; but contempt and scorn will not allow of the more amiable sentiment. It is said against me, that I have northern feelings; well so I have, and southern; and eastern, and western, and trust that I shall ever, as a citizen of this republic, have liberality enough to embrace within the scope of my feelings both its cardinal points and its cardinal interests. I do not accuse those who differ with me, of a desire to dissolve the Union. I know among them as honest and honorable men, as belong to any party; but I do most seriously believe that the Union cannot long survive such kind of argument and feelings, as that to which I have alluded. Indeed, if such sentiments are well founded, it ought not to continue; its objects and uses have ceased. Still do I most fervently pray that such a catastrophe may be averted; at least, that my eyes may not witness a division of this republic. Though it may be a day of rejoicing for the demagogue, it will prove a bitter hour for the good and the patriotic. Sir, there are some things belonging to this Union, which you cannot divide; you cannot divide the history of the past, the recollections of Lexington and Bunker Hill; you cannot divide the bones of your revolutionary sires, they would not lie still away from the ancient battle grounds where they have so long slumbered. And the portrait of the father of his country, which hangs in the capitol, how much of it will fall to your share, when both that country and that picture shall be dismembered?"

S. S. Prentiss.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK
—EVERY FRIDAY AND TUESDAY—
BY E. PERCY HOWE.

TERMS.—\$4, per annum, if paid in advance—\$5, if paid at the expiration of 5 months—\$6 at the end of the Year.

HOLLY SPRING, March 1, 1835.

No one should write Poetry in these shin-plaster days; unless capable of putting Say, Adam Smith, Ricardo and Gouge into melodious rhyme. 'Cause why? Poetry on any other subject than political economy is valueless and unsaleable—a drug in the market. Ingo's counsel "Put money in thy purse," is the order of the day. There is no music in the soul of man in these cold, calculating, cent. per cent. bank-mania times. Milton, Shakspeare, Burns and Pope, are in dust—on the shelf.—Their dulcet numbers have no music to the present generation—the soul of music has left the world: it disappeared with the jingle of hard dollars. A mercenary spirit—the "Iron" of "Speculation" took its place what time the devil communicated to the human family the mania for rag money. Almost every third man is more or less afflicted with the "itch" aforementioned, and we fear the day is approaching when every man will turn his shirt to avoid paying his precious shin-plaster bit to have it washed. There are some men now who would sell wooden nutmegs to their own daddies and call it "speculation." We, ourselves, we say it, have caught the "itch" of covetousness, and actually caught ourself "beating down" an old woman who had eggs and onions for sale, the other day; and so frequently have we heard the remark, "that's too much! that's too much!" that we never buy anything or pay a bill without turning up the white of our eyes and exclaiming "that's too much! that's too much! Confound the pica-que spirit of the age, say we, when man who was formed in the image of his God, of that Being who GIVES us every thing we have, without money and without price should so far degrade his noble nature, as to let greasy, dirty, filthy, scraps of paper stamped with oil and lamp-black, banish from his breast the godlike attribute of generosity.

ME-OU-YE-OU! E-RR-ROR! FITZ! E-ROW, &c.—We infer from the following advertisement that an awful Car-astrophe is preparing for the rats of Yalobusha:

CATS WANTED.—The highest cash price will be paid, in Plummer money, at sixty-two and a half per cent discount, for a few good rat-catching Cats. Apply next door out one from this office. (Grecianism.)

If the advertiser will send up an experienced cat-catcher, to Holly Springs, he can have a small supply of our babbies, say about as many as will load a six mule team—for the catching. The roofs of our houses are every moonlight night covered with the animals, and the welkin resounds with their expressive melody. The cat man is welcome to as many of the gentle scoundrels as he can catch, but they can't be caught with the chaff he baits with—no, not even at a discount of 65 per cent. Perhaps, though, it would be a good plan for him to bring up enough of it to make the bottom of his wagon soft and comfortable to his feline passengers.

We are in possession of the Merchant's Telegraph of the 11th Feb. It is a handsomely printed paper, published at New Orleans, by W. T. RAYNAL, Esq., and is filled with commercial intelligence, highly interesting and useful. We think, to mercantile gentlemen. Price \$10 per year—half yearly in advance. A No. may be seen at this office.

The THESPIANS, we learn will perform to-morrow evening, in the humorous and interesting play of JOHN BULL, and in the farce of ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

We perceive that Gen. Foote has awarded him, the credit of originating the "Anti-tipping Bill." A mistake. The Hon. Kemp S. Holland, of this County brought the same measure before the Legislature at the session previous to the last.